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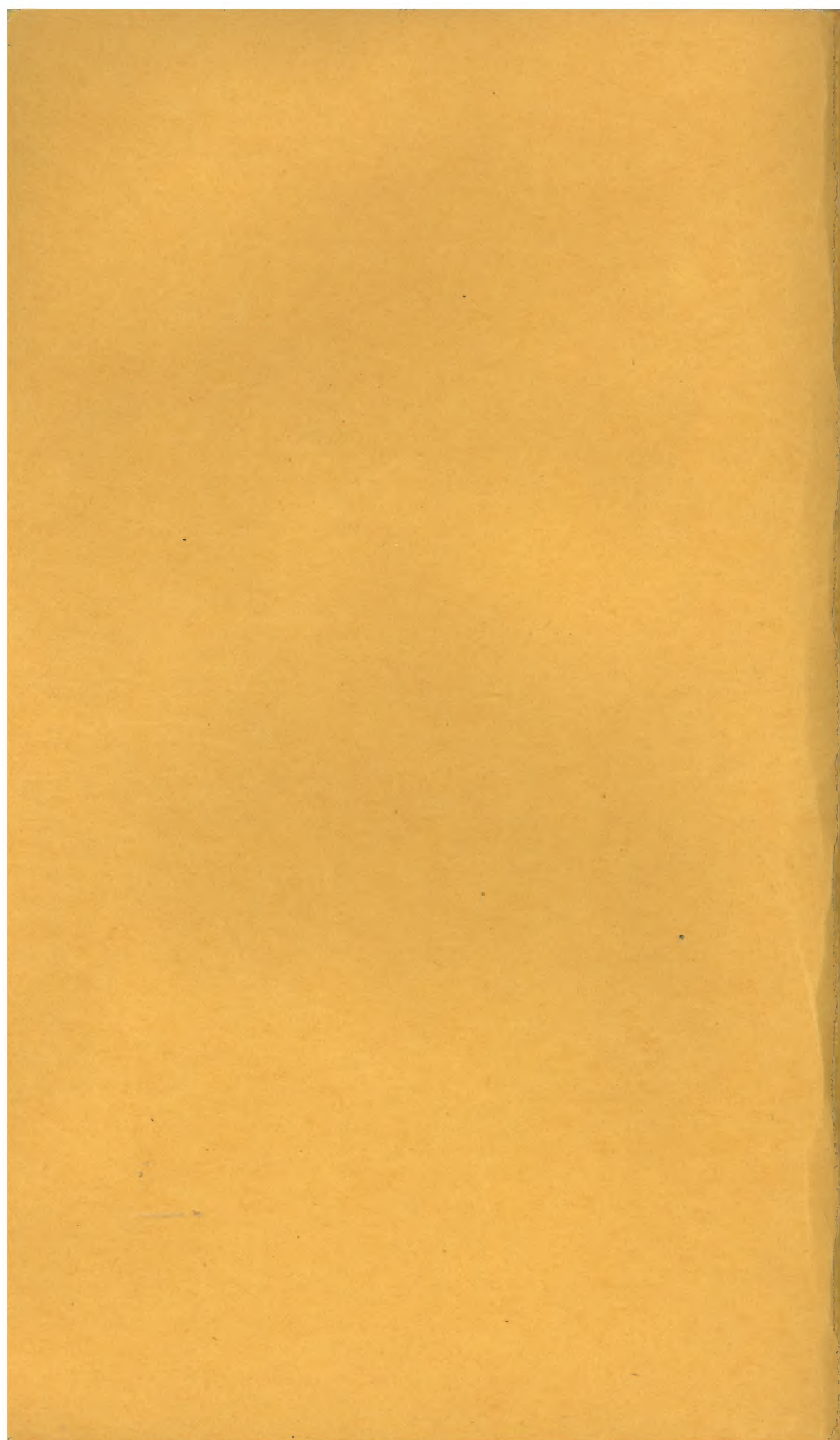
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# Seven Sheaves





## **“SEVEN SHEAVES”**

**Kathleen Davidson**

**Amy Downey**

**Kathleen Dupuis**

**Borgny Eileraas**

**Lois Borland**

**Myra Smith**

**Jean Sibbald**

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# DEDICATION

***"THE SHEAF"***

University of Saskatchewan  
Students' Newspaper

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Student poets, parading in dim black and white up and  
down the columns,  
Apprentices in verbal magic,  
Some earnestly laboring at stanzas finely wrought and  
exquisitely stamped,  
Others with fleeing arabesques of melody, lost in the lilt  
of a song,  
All of them one in the quality of imperfection,  
In distant aspiration toward a hardly attainable ideal.  
Consider us, then, a moment or an hour as seems most  
convenient to you,  
Indulgently, as fledglings with stammering wings, hear  
us,  
Those who will be true poets, and those who do not  
pretend to be more than resigned versifiers,  
Forgiving us of the mediocre throng as well as those  
whom genius has touched for the sake of the  
dream we have had.  
Be proud of us because we are yours and we are  
seeking for good things,  
But not only yours, Saskatchewan, everybody's; by  
definition as a poet sings of all men and not  
Saskatchewanians,  
Listen then kindly to this society of amateurs striving  
for mastery  
In the splendid craft of weaving words that sing.

—AMY DOWNEY.



## **The Call**

When from the valley of the dusk I hear  
Lost voices calling and I too must go  
Seeking throughout the deepening gloom to find  
One face I know ;

I shall not fear the darkness nor the winds  
Of time that sigh and are forever blowing,  
Knowing that you have gone this way before,  
And knowing

That all my aching heart shall suddenly cry  
To see your starlit lantern drawing nigh.

—KATHLEEN DAVIDSON.

## **Faith**

You who dug holes  
And buried your faith in them  
Long ago when the wisdom of youth was upon you,  
Go alone into the night and climb a hill  
Until you reach the summit.  
There is stillness.  
And suddenly your faith springs up  
Into a towering star-tree, heavy with flowers,  
Tremulous, misty, filling the night with a strange white beauty  
—Light !

—KATHLEEN DAVIDSON.



## The Strawberry Man

Over the roads of Acadie,  
The old red roads of melody,  
By swinging gate and cherry tree,  
A peddler went singing.  
His lips that the ringing notes prolong  
Were crimson as passion, bright as song,  
And his eyes were stars in an ebony pool,  
Sea-deep and cool.  
Oh, he laughed as he rounded the apple-tree road,  
And sang as he vaunted his crimson load:  
"Fresh strawberries, fresh strawberries,  
Who'll buy my ripe red strawberries?"  
But under a window with shutters green,  
And pale gold roses peeking between,  
Her eyes are alight with a soft blue flame,  
And his song-lips tremble her lovely name.  
Oh, little he thinks of the strawberries,  
The crimson-bleeding strawberries,  
Or the angry woman along the way  
When the strawberry man is late today.  
For he visions a sweet throat, curving white  
Under foam-white lace in the pale moonlight,  
And the quivering way that her laughter's brim  
Over bright eyes to the heart of him.  
Oh, well she is worth a word or frown  
From the rude, wise women of shore and town.  
For her lips are redder far than these  
Pale, thin spectres of strawberries.  
So he lifts his face to the laughing sky,  
And sings as her window he passes by  
A young, sweet song of Acadian love  
To the maiden who hides in the roses above:  
    "Under thy window, sweet,  
    Music is ringing.  
    Love, at thy silver feet  
    My heart is singing:

Raptures of melody,  
Bellnotes of ecstasy,  
Love-songs of Acadie,  
Love-songs to thee."

Over the roads of Acadie,  
The old red roads of history,  
By sagging gate and apple tree,  
A peddler goes singing.  
His eyes are pale, blue fires whose beams  
Hold sparks of old laughter, smoke of old dreams,  
And his lips are a thin but tender smile  
Of love for the road that makes life worthwhile,  
And he sings as he limps up the long, low hill,  
In a voice that is feeble but laughing still:  
"Fresh strawberries, fresh strawberries,  
Who'll buy my ripe, red strawberries?"  
But when through the purple twilight, glow  
Little gold lights in the cottages low,  
And tired hearts turn from the way they roam  
To love again in the haven of home,  
Little he thinks of the cares of the day,  
Of the strawberries sold, or given away,  
For he's dreaming of frail, sweet hands that light  
The lamp of love for his coming at night.  
So he lifts his thin, faint voice again,  
And sings as he's nearing Evangeline Lane  
To eyes of tear-blue tenderness,  
And lips of trembling loveliness:

"Love, to thy cottage door  
Old feet are bending,  
Unto thy heart once more  
My heart is wending,  
Singing so tenderly,  
Softly but ardently,  
Love-songs of Acadie,  
Love-songs to thee."

—KATHLEEN DAVIDSON.

## Prairie Night

Into the golden darkness where vast fields  
Of dusty yellow velvet lie unfurled,  
I wait and watch three towers of elevators  
Darken upon the edges of the world.

Suddenly all the golden sky is spilled  
Tumbling in swirls of meadowlarks' wild laughter,  
Thrilling in choirs of singing winds; then dims  
Into brown stillness, breathless, hushed, and after,

The vast symphony of night begins  
With a clash of cymbal stars and the silver high  
Flaming of violins of yellow moonlight  
Flooding the earth and sky.

The plaintive wind-flutes sight the melody  
Haunting like wraiths the surer theme of light,  
While purple-toned and deeper than all thunder  
The drums of darkness march into the night.

—KATHLEEN DAVIDSON.

## I Have No Song

I have no song to sing in praise of death,  
I only know  
That death will snuff out love, and one by one  
The little lamps of loving dim and go  
And I alone—oh darkness without you!  
To come out of the empty room to breath  
Of endless night and not to find you there . . .  
I have no song to sing in praise of death.

—KATHLEEN DAVIDSON.



## To Those Who Despair of Peace

Remember, oh hearts that weep, how green were the valleys  
After the rain,  
The scent of the clover and how the bluebells drifted  
Over the lift of the lane.

And oh! Remember the sudden burst of music  
After the rain's long sigh,  
Of birds joy-wild with their tiny throats aquiver  
Against the shining sky.

Remember, oh hearts, and know that after the hailing  
Of machine guns cease,  
After the lightnings dim and the smoke clouds scatter,  
There will be peace.

And beauty will slowly heal the wounds of hatred  
In the earth's deep-curving breast;  
Rich with the blood of roses it will flourish,  
And the fire of the west.

And the rugged mountains of truth will rise, still regal,  
To meet the timeless stars,  
And the lovely sounds of peace, the song and the laughter  
Will drown the echoes of wars.

Oh hearts that weep with long, unending pain,  
Remember the green valleys after rain.

—KATHLEEN DAVIDSON.

## To My Darling, With a Sense of Humor

I'll write you conventional verses ;  
Pray, what is your favorite moon?  
I'll hymn my romantic reverses,  
And end up with weddings in June.

I'll whisper of kisses and passion  
And vows that were broken ere made ;  
I'll replace the Queen Dido in fashion  
And put Heloise in the shade.

Oh, I am a foolish romancer  
As well as an amateur poet ;  
For you and me there is no answer—  
I know, and I always did know it.

I might just as well throw the stuff out,  
For rhymes never did change a fate,  
And it's hopeless to try to pour love out  
In phrases so inadequate.

But our friends, who love scandal, will linger  
And gloat o'er this volume so slim ;  
They'll scan every line with a finger,  
And chortle, "She's talking of him!"

—AMY DOWNEY.

## Thought

I always wonder  
How it can be so,  
That men were made for plunder,  
And women not to know.

AMY DOWNEY.

## Love Song on a Snowy Night

Far let us roam to the light of southern skies,  
Leaving the grey walls, come,  
Drifting on wings of snow as the seagull flies  
Dreaming its way to home.

There we will lie in a sea-green villa beside  
The sand with its murmuring shells,  
And feel the languor of love like a deep sea tide  
As it surges and swells.

Pass down the leisurely paths to the sunlit blue  
Lapping the somnolent sea,  
While the south winds touch my breast as lightly as you,  
And sigh drowsily.

Warmed by sun and by love the days will glide timelessly,  
Silently, brimmed with delight;  
Still longing, we shall forget the words in the melody,  
Day in the night.

### L'Envoi

What has this love to do with ice and snow?  
Oh love, let us go!

—AMY DOWNEY.



## **New Nursery Rhyme on an Old Theme**

Behold, my friends, the worthy clock,  
The cream of lactic snobs;  
With placid and disdainful stare  
He regulates the mobs.

The perfect diplomat: his face  
Is vacant of suggestion;  
His facts, though for each nation changed,  
Are not open to question.

With calm, imperious regard  
He overlooks the rout;  
And justly so: for steel endures  
When other things wear out.

Most triste of all the tragic things  
Beneath a tragic moon  
That clocks should tick for æons  
And love should pass so soon.

—AMY DOWNEY.

## **Birches in Autumn**

Their amber blood runs slower now, and cold;  
They stretch lean arms up to a dilute sun.  
Their withered leaves drop from them one by one,  
Fade like a passing dream as years grow old.

Seeing themselves in mournful nakedness  
They huddle, shrinking, from each windy gust.  
Their veil of spring is only golden dust,  
And people scuff and kick it as they pass.

—AMY DOWNEY.

## When Knighthood Was in Baking Soda

Isn't it funny to think that castles were once lived in and had garbage,  
Which was very insanitary because they didn't cart it away and had no  
disinfectant to throw on the larvae,

And knights rode around in armor

Which was intended to protect you from harm or

Inflict it, and if a fellow-knight slapped you on the back and said, "Hi,  
chum!"

It nearly killed you. Isn't it a pity you didn't know about aluminum?

You rode around on a very old style Chevrolet

Which didn't need tires but sometimes rolled on you and ate hay,

And witches went about turning you into frogs and things by very  
offensive spells,

And trumpets were used for doorbells.

And you had moats at your front doorstep, which is as good a place as  
any to get a wetting,

And ladies went around in glorified mosquito netting,

Being shy and demure,

But never used Lifebuoy or heard of plumbing or a sewer.

And in the basement of every castle

They had several dungeons for every vassal,

Which probably would have been you, because England was ruled by  
minorities,

And they had all the priorities.

They locked you up and tortured you with ropes and fires and racks

If you didn't pay your income tax.

Which only goes to show that society is lopsided,

And it's always best to be on the topside.

—AMY DOWNEY.

## **Epithalamion**

Camouflage your heart with laughter,  
Dance upon each shining knife;  
Never cry at what comes after  
Love that lasted all a life.

Play the lively role of jester  
At the game you cannot win;  
Nor allow the wound to fester—  
Cauterize it with a grin.

Most wine is little more than acid,  
Make a gesture, drink it down,  
Mock with lean words love that's placid,  
While the people call you clown.

—AMY DOWNEY.



## Reconciliation

You mingle with the many moving faces.  
I numbly watch you go,  
desperate for a miracle  
that will transform  
the evasive charm of you  
into a gem that I can hide near to my heart  
and touch, and look at, sometimes,  
when you are gone.  
But it will not come;  
in my pain-hot hand I find  
a pearl that is only a tear-drop  
and cannot reflect your face.  
And I want to cry out for the dread  
that the shy, tender smile of your lips,  
and the winsome quest of your eyes  
will tremble and vanish.  
For the officer bears a magician's wand  
wafting away the boy I have known  
for a soul-ebbed stranger.

Oh, and I am afraid  
that when the guns are still,  
and we walk again together  
under the stars,  
and through blue woods,  
I shall feel no warming pressure of your hand  
when elves laugh eerily;  
for in the lingering echo of far-off sounds  
you will not hear them.  
And I am afraid that an unreal world  
will hold you with phantom fingers  
feigning a presence  
more imposing perhaps  
than shadows of old half-hid delights  
smiling into your truth-dimmed eyes,  
and startled with strangeness.  
And yet, I know  
that just for a moment  
in our dear familiar dusk  
with the strength of the sweet hush about us,  
that alien ghost will flee guiltily,  
and across your lips there will pass  
the flicker of an old smile,  
and the stars will come out in your eyes,  
and then,  
I shall hear music.

—KATHLEEN DUPUIS.

## To Night

At shining dark  
When frost is crisp  
And bright as pools of stars,  
And the smoke curls up to the moon,  
I shall ask leave  
At the silver portals of the night  
To breathe the air unworldly,  
To tremble at a major brilliance  
That is five parts silence ;  
And with a cry remember whispered vows  
With shimmering maidens from a thousand stars  
Dancing in sky-born ecstasy  
On a crystal swath of earth.

Then in the beaded wonder of the night  
To feel my blood creep warmly up again,  
And see the reddening of lights  
Where fires and mortals be.

—KATHLEEN DUPUIS.

## To Dawn

This morning I can neither do a wrong nor die,  
But keep eternal tryst with wonder and the moon-abandoned earth,  
Kissing the dewy lips of flowers that lie  
Still dreaming in the chastened air of birth.

I care not now to meet the day nor remember the night,  
For soft through the mist the grey eyes of the dawn  
Smile a shy welcome. Breathless I catch her hand  
And tread the land where ne'er was ending but beginning born.

—KATHLEEN DUPUIS.

## To a Wolf

I am slow to learn  
And not perceiving.  
You with your honest eyes  
Held me.  
The old wives said men are the same;  
They did not know you with your honest eyes,  
Smiling eyes, and arms  
That held me like eternity.

And even now I grope into the weeping emptiness  
To touch your cheek,  
And find your smile  
Burning through the darkness  
To my soul.

—KATHLEEN DUPUIS.

## Soliloquy on Solitude

Voices and laughter  
Filling the thick day full;  
But following after,  
A mocking solitude,  
Sneering and stalking,  
Chilling and talking  
Of things that are warm and bright:  
The hat that suits me best.  
The dress—that Jim would like,  
The smell of carrot tops.

And I, pretending not to believe  
That the world is wide and terrible,  
And I am the only person in it.  
Why are those faces smiling,  
Smiling, teasingly, tauntingly,  
As though they could be part of me?

Only a moment  
When our souls united  
In one long, transparent look  
Did I escape from my aloneness.  
And when a baby  
Crinkled up her nose and laughed,  
I was not lonely then.  
But moments are but little  
In gaping hours  
And a heart is too heavily caged.

—KATHLEEN DUPUIS.

## Portrait of Irene

A white gardenia  
    trembling  
        in her soft, bright hair,  
Her eyes  
    blue tender dancing flames  
        enkindled  
            by the candle-light  
And by some inner radiance  
    that curves a smile  
        upon her face.  
A filmy length  
    of frosted lace  
From some bright fairy window-pane  
Was fashioned sheerly for her gown,  
As simple  
    as a lily-chalice,  
Lovely  
    as the soft hushed voices  
        of the angels  
Singing carols in the frosty moonlight  
    above a sleeping town.

—BORGNY EILERAAS.

## Reverie in April

I never think of April but I also think of you,  
For you were here in April. Remember how we two  
Used to walk on April evenings, hand-in-hand up to the hill,  
And watch the round moon rising while the stars stood still?  
Remember how the wind blew down the coulee, and the creek,  
With the willows bending over? I can still see how your cheek  
Used to dimple with your laughter as we scampered through the rain—  
I'm thinking of you often, now that April's here again.

—BORGNY EILERAAS.

## Meadowlarks in April

All the meadowlarks were singing  
A jubilant serenade,  
And the early morning sun  
Was splashing out against the shade,  
All the golden winds were stirring  
Lilting melodies in the trees  
Standing harp-like in a curving row  
Along the way. . . . Oh, please,  
May the radiance of April  
And the swift return of spring  
Stir her heart again to wonder  
And remembering.

—BORGNY EILERAAS.



## **Girl in a Yellow Sweater**

Girl in a yellow sweater  
Gay as a daffodil,  
Sprightly as April sunbeams  
Tagging the breezes. Will  
You always be so charming,  
Such a dear, enchanting thing?  
Are you always so delightful?  
Or is it only spring?

—BORGNY EILERAAS.

## **Maiden Candor**

It isn't according to Emily Post  
To go walking hand-in-hand.  
Oh, by all the rules of etiquette  
It's definitely banned!  
And I know it isn't proper,  
That it's not "the thing to do",  
But I'd like to walk through centuries  
Hand-in-hand with you.

—BORGNY EILERAAS.

## **Cottonwool Clouds in a Pool of Blue Dye**

Ceiling unlimited . . . high scattered clouds,  
Cottonwool clouds in a pool of blue dye.  
Nose the 'plane to the zenith . . . Tenderness crowds  
To my heart as we climb to the heights of the sky;  
For a moment I almost believe you to be  
An amazing young god, who sings as he flies,  
Then we dive through a cloud and I suddenly see  
You were just pulling cottonwool over my eyes.

—BORGNY EILERAAS.

## Moment of Departure

We shall know that the river is curving its way through the city,  
Washing over images of lights, sweeping forward the memory of winter  
frosts,  
And remember bridges, looping over the river,  
Busy with people, careless in tweeds and sweaters;  
We shall know that here, on the river bank, high, apart,  
Standing open to the cadenced sweep of the wind  
That is redolent with the aroma of prairie grasses,  
Of sunburnt wheatfields and woodsmoke, are greystone buildings,  
Where, for a little candlebreath of time,  
We have known friendships, laughed together, touched  
Great minds, seen stars of cleaner burnish, felt,  
Though wind, time, river, people, transient go,  
That somehow, this will always be the same.

—BORGNY EILERAAS.

## Sunset Silhouette

Andrew and Mary's Sunday ev'ning walk  
Was up the road towards the railroad tracks,  
Over the little knoll that thereabouts  
Folks called 'The Hill'. Then they might stand  
Beside a little culvert there and watch  
The sunset stain the water fleetingly;  
Or oftener, perhaps, they took their way  
Along the tracks to the first numbered post,  
And then would wander slowly back again.  
Seen thus, the town was tucked behind the hill—  
With periscopic chimney-pots upthrust  
Wee houses filled the foreground, and behind  
Were 'The Garage', 'The Station', and 'The Store',  
While like a bizarre ornament, the snow fence  
Curved its way beside the road,  
And, pompous majesties, the elevators  
Were inked against a sky of gold and grey,  
While they, two figures for a prairie angelus,  
Paused on the hilltop, dominating all  
This backdrop, and unconsciously  
In that caught instant symbolized their lives,  
With dignity and service just as wrought  
As if they had been numbered with the great.

—LOIS BORLAND.

## Discovery

Blue hills, I have found your lair.  
Always before, you have mocked me from the horizon—  
Come and seek us out, make our acquaintance, do you dare?  
But I, too much concerned, never answered them . . .  
Till came the day my soul awoke—awoke to strange desire,  
And now yon hills have taught my soul to play its rusting lyre.

—LOIS BORLAND.

## Panorama of Vancouver

Populous city, cuddling the feet of the mountains,  
Curled there with a scarf of mist over your bosom,  
Reposing peacefully as a maiden of old—  
As languorously as Cleopatra must have lain,  
But with a mind as busy and a heart as tumultuous  
As hers, for all your deceptive serenity.

. . . There go the bustling little tugs, and there  
A steamer glides into the bay; the ferry  
Gives a mock dragon-call, nosing into dock;  
The din of rivetting, the scream of saws,  
The sucking of the water at the wharves,  
The hum of motors, shrieks of gulls,  
The calls of boats and trains, all merge  
And form into a dockside harmony.

But more—far back, a melody  
Creeps in, the city's own: a tramp of feet,  
A whining protestation from its trams,  
Gearing of cars, a railway's busy clangor,  
The low, persistent hum that tells  
Of things unnumbered being shaped and made . . .

Populous city, let your song be flung  
Upon the passing breezes, theirs to flaunt  
And use for conversation as they will;  
But though the pitch may soar and swell and grow,  
Reflect sometimes upon your transiency,  
For even yonder mountains have not seen  
More than a moment of eternity.

—LOIS BORLAND.

## Rain in May

Gray day,  
Pearl day,  
This day is a holiday—  
Skies athrill with rain and mist,  
And a halo amethyst ;  
Sunrise,  
Sunset,  
To the scent of leaf-mold wet,  
Sweet smell of the earth a-greening,  
Little perfumed things all preening.  
Eyes filled,  
Heart filled  
With the beauty round me spilled,  
Bounteously displayed for May,  
Lavished all along my way ;  
Violets blue,  
Daisies too,  
Colors rain-scoured, fresh and new ;  
Purples, yellows, greens all blending  
In a carpet never-ending.  
Trip along  
With a song,  
Companion to this silent throng.  
Cupping my hands to capture the breeze,  
Mine are all Spring's melodies.

---

The wind is a creature of memories,  
Filling the night with regrets ;  
Restlessly pacing the hours away,  
Hopeless and frenzied he frets.

—LOIS BORLAND.

## **To You Who Dream**

We talk ; perhaps of nothing more than stars,  
Or lights, maybe, along the water's edge,  
The chance discovery of a moth at rest,  
The way the shadows dance across the street,  
And how the moon has chaperoned the night ;  
And easily we drift to other strains—  
The things we like and dislike, and a thought  
That came with last night's newscast or some book,  
And then, what we believe in, anyway.  
Ideas like ours, we think, might change the world,  
If others know as we do—surely they do—  
A realism which acknowledges  
Things as they are, and sees the problems there  
But tempers all with clear-eyed faith and brings  
A starry vision which will resurrect  
A noble structure from the sad debris.

—LOIS BORLAND.

## **Apotheosis**

I will go out into the blue evening,  
For there, it may be, I shall find myself.  
The day has shattered my soul,  
It is no longer whole ;  
It must be mended for tomorrow.  
Here in the twilight is peace—  
Peace to cement the broken thing  
By some magic which I can feel but not understand.  
The sunset mist enfolds all like a sorcerer's cloak,  
And when it is lifted  
Then . . . there will my soul be found.

—LOIS BORLAND.

## Wild Horses

We saw them drink from a quiet stream  
As clear as their own dark eyes;  
Their necks were arched in the sunlight's gleam  
And they were beautiful as a dream  
When they drank at dawn from a quiet stream,  
As clear as their own dark eyes.

We saw them run on the open plains,  
Untouched by the whip and spur;  
The wind was soft in their flowing manes,  
The love of freedom was in their veins  
As they ran for joy on the open plains,

Untouched by the whip and spur.  
We saw them stand on a hilltop high  
With nostrils wide to the breeze;  
Their forms were graceful against the sky,  
And wild and beautiful was their cry,  
As they stood at eve on a hilltop high,  
With nostrils wide to the breeze.

—MYRA SMITH.

## For This I Grieve

I grieve that memory is too weak a thing  
To hold the sweet young glory of this day;  
Her shadows on a screen  
May re-enact the scene,  
But this high tide of joy shall softly ebb away.

—MYRA SMITH.



## Maiden's Lament

These soft June breezes are rogues, do you hear?

They are masters of dark deceit;

They brought me wine from the lilac's cup,

Cool and cloying sweet.

They served me with slow, caressing hands,

And they whispered flattering things

Till my senses reeled with dizzy joy

And my judgment borrowed wings.

I hearkened then to my lover's vows,

I answered "Yes" to his plea—

No prince shall gallop through my dreams,

I shall never more be free.

—MYRA SMITH.

## Russian Thistle in January

A mound of loveliness,

White, so white,

To witness the miracle

Wrought in the night.

The plant that poisoned

The children's feet,

And robbed of moisture

The tender wheat,

Is now transformed

To a thing of grace,

Bright with jewels

And soft with lace.

The ways of Nature

Are strange, so strange!

She hushes the noisy earth

With change.

—MYRA SMITH.

## Reality

I used to pilot dreams  
On fancy's sea,  
And pass away the hours

Quite carelessly.  
Until one sunny day  
While on my chase,  
Reality and I  
Came face to face.

She is so wonderful,  
So true, intense,  
That shadows wholly lose  
Their form and sense.

—MYRA SMITH.

## White Flags

To raise white fearful flags  
And signal lost control,  
To lose one after one  
The strongholds of the soul,  
To live and never learn  
How much is living worth,  
Or never wonder at  
The loveliness of earth,  
To take the sparkling cup  
At freedom's fountain filled  
And drink ungratefully  
Or let some drops be spilled;  
To hide in pleasure's hall  
From life's great marching cry—  
This is not keeping faith  
With those who fight and die.

—MYRA SMITH.

## Let Me Be Brave

Let me be brave to face the winter blasts  
When all the gentle things of earth have gone,  
When giant trees must beat their arms for warmth,  
And cry aloud, or stand with breath indrawn.

Let me be brave, and I shall walk sometimes  
With muffled tread through soft, new-fallen snow,  
And feel a sacred silence stir my soul  
As in a church with music throbbing low.

Let me be brave, and I shall walk at night  
When through the frost each footfall echoes clear,  
When all the hills have donned their brightest gems  
To tempt the bashful stars to come more near.

Let me be brave, and I shall learn to choose  
And worship beauty infinitely chaste,  
While spring's ethereal spirit is conceived  
In virgin fields by holy silence graced.

—MYRA SMITH.

## The Heart That Has a Vision

The heart that has a vision, let it seek,  
Though life itself be spent upon the quest;  
Nostalgic looking-back and passive dreams  
Can never ease the spirit's rich unrest.

—MYRA SMITH.

## Perhaps

When I have far pursued  
The path of the rainbows,  
And have found my pot of gold  
Like a bright pool  
Spilt beneath the shining arch,  
I think that I shall buy a castle—  
Quite aloof, enwrapped within its own  
Peculiar mystery,  
All high, remote, and poised  
Upon the spacious air—  
Apart, serene, intriguing,  
Where there is a wild, deep place of hills  
And something undiscovered yet.  
But I must be assured  
That kings have crossed my threshold.  
Certainly I will require an echo,  
And—yes—pale, proud ghosts  
To walk my corridors.  
Out of the topmost turret, I shall lean  
To polish timid stars  
And listen to the lofty solitude.  
There will be forests  
All acquainted with antiquity,  
For whose green, unmolested heart  
Eternity is young.  
For who shall say that I may not  
Look full upon a castle  
Royally—possessively—  
When I have far pursued  
The path of rainbows?

—JEAN SIBBALD.

## Renaissance

I hurried out  
Into the lyric night,  
Because I had an old excitement  
Suddenly—  
Quicksilver in my veins.  
For spring rushed in my window  
Urgently:

“Come out and walk in me.

My stars are flung

All carelessly.

My moon is poised,

My wind exultant.

Stirring in the earth,

I am awake!

This is my festival.”

I was aware  
Of song brimming  
In the throats of birds.  
I was disconsolate,  
For springs I had forgot,  
And new leaves colored by old autumns,  
Spring coming on eternally  
And wistful hearts yearning,  
Still betrayed  
By spring's eternal promise.  
I was disturbed  
By dim, nostalgic tears,  
And April dancing in my heart.  
O! I remembered spring  
Swiftly.

—JEAN SIBBALD.

## Disillusion

Nothing is changed, I thought.  
Here is a road I know.  
And this is my returning.  
This is the hour which has waited for me.  
Always I knew  
I would come again  
Where all my yesterdays are kept.  
Yes, I can see now  
The things that are familiar.  
Surely the same wind is in my face  
As when I last was here.  
And the trees know me.  
I can hear them saying that I have come.  
The intimate places of my heart are warm.  
I can feel my longing go out  
Gently—as candles—silently,  
Painlessly, yet lingering in wisps of smoke,  
Like dim ghosts of old sadness  
Left to caress the air they love.  
Nothing is changed, I thought.  
Nothing—but suddenly  
I am aware . . .  
My old self brushes past me on the road,  
Looking at me with hostile eyes, unknowing.  
Nothing has changed?  
What is this chill upon my heart?  
I am afraid lest I remember more.  
I want to flee and leave things undisturbed.  
    Why does the wind yearn so in the treetops?  
    What is that alien sound?  
I cannot find my footprints where I walked before.  
The dust has covered them,  
The rain has wept upon them.  
I am a stranger here.  
This was the road I knew once—  
    O that I were still lonely, with my dream.  
Nothing is changed.  
Nothing is changed.  
But I must go.

—JEAN SIBBALD.

## City Street

I like the pensive air  
That settles over an old street  
In the dusk,  
Shadows that creep like thoughts  
Into old grooves and lie there quietly.  
Waiting for meditation.  
Wearing the twilight  
As an old, familiar garment,  
A spirit broods among the houses.  
Here, in the night,  
A presence is released along the street.  
O! vigilant and pale,  
Where is your sleep?  
The last weary step  
Has hastened over you and gone,  
And you have seen the last lit window darken—  
Then you wake!  
When all the city sleeps  
You are astir.  
You listen then to sounds I cannot hear  
Of voices hushed long since,  
But to your consciousness  
Still vibrant in a whisper.  
What of the day's laughter  
Floating silently upon you?  
Do you feel in dim awareness  
Some faint, lingering tread  
Of footsteps that have passed?  
And still you dream,  
Beneath your quiet pavement,  
The long, slow dreams  
Of city streets the world over.  
You are wise.  
The strenuous hum of haste and change  
Impress you little.  
Hours remote and transient  
Dwell yet within you, mellowing.  
You grow serene and contemplative  
Constantly.



Your trees have longer shadows  
As your memory lengthens.  
New footprints and new voices,  
But one rhythm always,  
One pattern traced upon your dust.  
And that is time.  
You bear your scars lightly.  
Underneath the stone,  
Your strong heart beats forever patiently,  
Compassionate for men  
Rehearsing little dramas urgently upon you,  
And the ritual of earth.  
Morning will see you  
Smiling, inscrutable again,  
But I shall know you have a quickened pulse  
Wherever eager footsteps fall.  
I shall not be so hesitant to leave,  
Assured that vaguely here upon you  
I remain—intangible,  
But something of me  
That you will remember.  
You are the child's whole world.  
Then his horizon goes beyond  
Your shelter—suddenly.  
You watch him go. And this is your reward—  
That distant as your children drift,  
They never quite forget you.  
Still you are content,  
Steadfast and tolerant in your devotion,  
Knowing, when men's casual tread,  
Indifferent eye, appraise you lightly,  
You are more to them than yet they dream,  
Their street, with beckoning windows  
And security.  
And this is all the heart desires,  
The small hearts of men—  
When they are crowded, too, with life,  
And pensive grown, and old.

—JEAN SIBBALD.

## Poetry

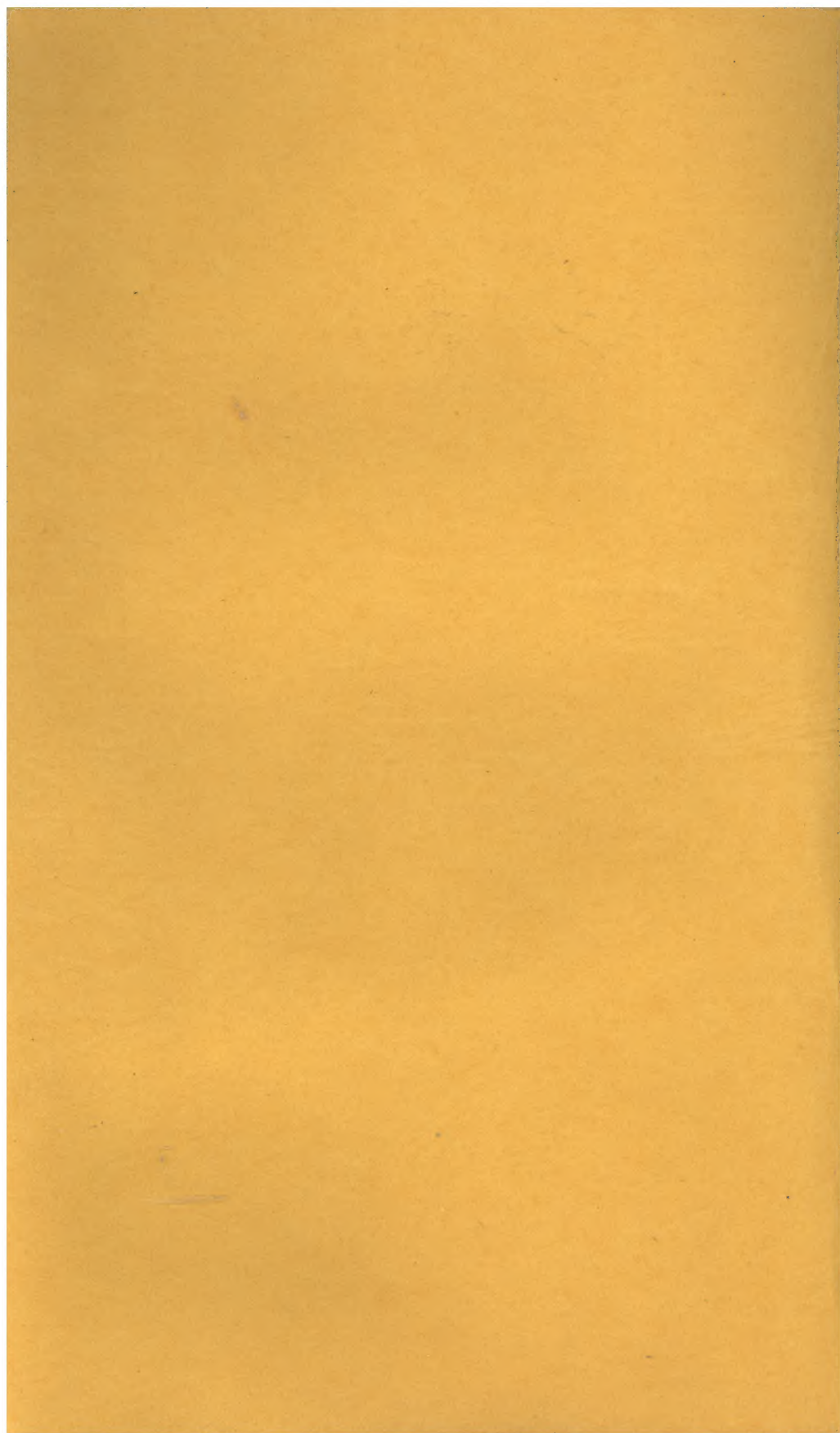
Here on this high green hill I have planted my flowers,  
Little wild things that are simple and tender and sweet,  
Go lightly O men who may wander my hill of dreams,  
For heavy and hard are your feet.

And if you should pluck my buds, though they wither and die,  
I shall be glad if in some dim room of your heart  
They blossom in fragrance and color a little grey thought  
That silently waited apart.

—KATHLEEN DAVIDSON.







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